DANIEL IN THE DEN:

OR, THE LORD PRESIDENT'S Imprisonment, AND MIRACULOUS DELIVERANCE.

REPRESENTED

In a DISCOURSE from *HEB.* XI. v. 33.

By S. J. Rector of *Chinner* in the County of *Oxon.*

DAN. 6. 23.

Innocency was found in me, and also before thee, O King, have I done no hurt.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. A.* for *John Dunton*, at the Sign of the *Black Raven* in the *Poultrey*, 1682.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

ANTHONY

EARL of *SHAFTSBURY*,

Late Lord PRESIDENT of his Majesties most Honourable Privy Council.

My Lord,

HOly Writ acquaints us with many cursed Conspiracies against the Innocent and the Good. But I find none more sottish and cruel, than that we read of, John 12. v. 10. 11. Where the High-priests consult to put (not Jesus only, but) Lazarus also to Death; because by reason of him many of the Jews believed on Jesus. Lazarus was guilty of no Crime, but because [he was.] It seems his

very Being and Life was fault enough, which though redeem'd by a Miracle, muſt now be deſtroyed by Malice: For his bare Preſence and Motion Drew Diſciples; his very Looks preached the Goſpel; he opened his Eyes and Taught. And while thus doing, he would never make an end of doing miſchief to them. Therefore they conſult to diſpatch him out of ſight, and to ſilence this Teacher, by muffling him up in a Napkin again, and laying him under a Stone.

It is certain (My Lord) that every Turn of your Head, Glance of your Eye, Motion of your Hand, Step of your Foot is a vexation and a Plague to your Enemies the Papiſts, who believe your very Shadow ſo fatal to all their Contrivances and Aims, that whilſt You live, they Shrivel and Wither. Your Breath ſtrikes confuſion to all their Plots, and therefore no wonder they have variouſly conſulted your Death, as well as your Great Maſters: Lazarus muſt dye too.

But then to promote it by projecting a Deſign of ſetting

ſetting Jeſus *againſt* Lazarus, *and impoſing a belief that He* [Innocent He] *ſhould conſpire the ruine of his Maſters Honour and Kingdom, is a Plot like to proſper into the ſame Glory of the Projectors, as this your Lordſhip will hear of in the following Diſcourſe. One would ſwear ſuch Men were* Planet-ſtruck, *their Counſels confounded from Heaven (as the* Languages *at* Babel) *and the* Witneſſes *ſtammering out an improbable Evidence.*

Praiſed be God, who hath fruſtrated (hitherto) all their Helliſh attempts both againſt your Soveraign and Self. May his Majeſty live for ever, a ſure Defender of our Faith *and Church: And may your Lordſhip live too, the Dread and Eye-ſore of the Enemies of its peace. And may You never be Imagin'd to be leſſened in the Affections of your Prince, nor in your own to the Intereſts of his Royal Perſon and Kingdom; but may Realize in your Devotion to Majeſty, thoſe Hyperbolical expreſſions of Allegiance and Duty wherewith* Furre *and*

Velvet

Velvet, *have even tired the Court all this Year. And let that idle imputation and reproach of a* Republican *Deſign be equally the Subject of your Diverſion and ſcorn. When all wiſe Men know you too Prudent and Politick to endeavour the unhinging thoſe firm Eſtabliſhments of Church and State, to whoſe fixation and Glory you lent ſo Great an hand, and (I doubt not) bear ſo true an Heart, however enviouſly the contrary be inſinuated by your Inveterate Enemies. And no wonder, when* Jeſus *himſelf (who dar'd the World and Devil to convince him of ſin againſt God) was yet Indicted of Treaſon againſt* Cæſar, (Joh. 19. 22.) *and bawl'd to death by the Exclamations of thoſe, whoſe Hypocritical pretences to Loyalty, ſerv'd only to maſk very fitly the Face of their Cruelty. From which God ever defend your Lordſhip and all Good Men. I am (My Lord)*

Your Lordſhips

Moſt humble Servant,

S. J.

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HEB. XI. 33.

Who through Faith— ſtopped the Mouths of Lyons.

THis Chapter, (as a Cabinet enrich'd with Variety of coſtly Jewels) is all throughout Enamell'd with the Glories of *Faith*. Some very Antique, even from the firſt World, the *Luſtre* of *Abel*, *Enoch*, and *Noah* ſhine here. The reſt not Modern, *Abraham*, *Iſaac* and *Jacob*, *Moſes*, *Samuel*, and the Prophets (as Stars of the firſt Magnitude) dart down their ſeveral Rayes and Influences upon the Church in all Ages; and here altogether make up a glorious Conſtellation.

And thou *Daniel* the Prophet, *art not the leaſt among all the Princes and Prophets of* Judah, *for out of thee* proceeded this Eximious Faith (in the Text) *That ſtopped the Mouths of Lyons*, ſo as they could do thee no harm, *becauſe Innocency was found in thee*, &c.

The Text being Hiſtorical will neceſſarily enforce me to give you a Curſory and Paraphraſtical account of this Prophets Story, and the ſeveral Remarques of his Life and Honours; but eſpecially of his Sufferings and Impriſonment, and the Faith that procured

cured him the Miraculous Deliverance from the Lyons.

Please you therefore to take a Transient view of him, (as the Holy Ghost has dreſt him up, and diſplay'd him before us, in his own Book :)

1. *Daniel's* high Birth.

1. In his *Lineage* and *Deſcent*; he is (if not of the Blood Royal) at leaſt of the *Seed of the Princes*, and Noble, *Chap.* 1. 3. And the Great Soul that managed all his Actions with that Bravery and Courage, confirms the highneſs of his Extract; *E fortibus creantur fortes.* Our *Prophet* was Born *Honourable*, and the whole *Series* of his *Life*, was no whit derogatory from, but Ornamental to the Glory of his *Birth.*

2. Perfect Beauty.

2. In the *Beauty* of his *Perſonage*; the Gracefulneſs of his Body vying perfection with the Graces of his Mind, each ſtriving in him for Superiority; and both rendring him very amiable and lovely, *Chap.* 1. 4.

3. Good Breeding.

3. In his excellent *Breeding* and *Education*; He is a choiſe Spirit, cull'd out to be trained up and inſtructed by Royal Mandate, in all the Learning of the *Chaldees*, and taught the Myſteries and Policies of State, *that he might ſtand before the King*, verſe 5. And is therefore wrought up to be a poliſhed Pillar for the ſupport of the Government.

4. Admirable Abſtinence.

4. In the admirable *Abſtinence* of his Youth; he Religiouſly declines from the Luxuries of the Court, and the Delicacies of the Kings Table, and abſtemiouſly ſatisfies himſelf with Pulſe and Water, *v.* 12. A Rare Example.

5. Sublime Wiſdom.

5. In his *Sublime Wiſdom* and *Knowledge*; God alſo over-

overlaying his humane Acquisitions with the Gold of Divine Grace, Sanctifying him into a knotty and puzling Prophet, *hard to be understood*; and giving him a particular Skill and Understanding in Unridling Dreams and *Visions of the Night*, v. 17. And dissolving hard Questions, *Cap.* 5. 12. As also the *Spirit of Government*, and fitness for publick Affairs.

6. In his *Merited Promotion*: for his Wisdom he is preferred and *made a Great Man by the King*: Lord Lieutenant over the whole Province of *Babylon*; to inspect the Kings Treasures, *&c. Cap.* 2. 48. And Chief Governour and Master of all the Magicians and Wise Men, *cap.* 2. 28. & 4. 49. ——And is fixed at Court, *Cap.* 2. 49. 6. Merited Promotion.

7. In his *exemplary Piety*; for through the whole croud of those distractions, his Offices and Honours involve him in, yet he passes to Heaven Thrice a day, and commands Cares to stand below, while himself climbs the *Mount*, and dispatches Business with his God, *cap.* 6. 10. 7. Exemplary Piety.

8. In his *Religious Care*; for being himself now promoted to Honour, he improves his whole Interest for the advancement of his Friends, (Men of the same excellent Spirit with himself) to a share in the administration of the Government. An act of great Piety to God, good Policy to the King, Great Favour to his Friends, and great Comfort to the Church in her Affliction and Exile. *Daniel requested of the King, and he set* Shadrach, Meshech *and* Abednego *over the Affairs of the Province of* Babylon, *Cap.* 2. 49. 8. Religious Care for good Mens Advance.

Lastly, In the *good Effect* of his *Care*; for these brave Men being now made publick Officers in the The good Effect of that Care.

 State,

State, and ſummon'd to obey the Idolatrous Decree of *Nebuchadnezzar* (to which all his Princes, Governours and other Officers had rendred a ready and undiſputed Obedience;) *Theſe* alone find a Faith and a Courage, ſingly to oppoſe themſelves, and dare give check to the yet uncontrolled Torrent of his impious Law and Command, owning the true God and profeſſing the fulneſs of a generous confidence in his Power, even to the very Face of the incenſed *Monarch*: Whoſe angry Commands therefore of aggravating their Torments in the Fire, did but ſtill increaſe the glorious Miracle of their Deliverance in and out of it, and at laſt produce a Decree of Honour to the God and Religion they confeſſed, and a greater Augmentation of Office and Power to themſelves, *Cap.* 3. So little do faithful Men diſadvantage themſelves by a fixed adherence to the Truth and Principles they believe, and ſo greatly do they Honour their Profeſſion and their God; when in the Face of his Enemies and of Death it ſelf, they dare own him with conſtancy and courage. And what aſſurance do ſuch Men give to their *Prince* of all imaginable Truth and Fidelity, in the Loyal diſcharge of their Duties, and faithful anſwering to all the Confidence and Truſt repoſed in them, with all ſecurity and peace?

What a ſervice then did *Daniel* to the Crown in lifting Men of ſuch Heroick temper into places of Authority and Power? How happy is that Prince whoſe Affairs are ſo ſecurely lodg'd in the miniſtration of thoſe who had rather die than betray their Soveraign by an ill Act; no not by an Eaſie hu-

humouring him in his Sin; and sooner resign themselves into the hazard of his utmost displeasure, than to flatter him in Designs so dishonourable to God, pernicious to himself, and opposite to their Principles and Conscience?

Beloved of God, and *Nebuchadnezzar.*

Daniel thus richly clad with all the Graces of a *good Prophet*, no wonder he is so oft proclaimed the *Favourite* of Heaven, *A man greatly beloved of God*, *Cap.* 9. 29. & 10. *v.* 11. 19. So, being enriched with all the properties of a *Prudent States-man*, no wonder he is so greatly beloved of the King, as one replenished with the *Spirit of the Holy Gods*, Chap. 4. 8, 9. In the full lustre of whose favour (we may be sure) he continued shining through the whole *Series* of this *Monarch*'s Reign without Eclipse.

Love God then,

There are, who can they but wrap themselves in the warm embraces of Earthly Majesty, very fanatically hold the Bosom of Divine Love but for a cold Lodging. 'Tis pity such should pass from the Meridian of Royal favour into the obscurities of Divine Vengeance; but they may. I will get as close to my King as I can, but it is good for me to draw near to God too, *least my Prince die (as* Daniel's *did) and leave me miserable.*

And the King too.

Nor is Piety it self a Protection, that can justifie or secure me from the least affront to *Royalty*, since if good Men must be loved as the Images of God's *Holiness*, certainly good Princes, as the more Express ones, both of his *Holiness* and his *Power*.

A Stranger at Court in *Belshazzar*'s Reign.

Now whether (upon his death) our Prophet retired from Court, and betook himself to a private and more Sedate course of life, to attend the im-

immediate Service of his God : Or whether *Bellſhazzar* being a diſſolute Prince gave no encouragement to ſo good a Man to continue about him : Or whether He, (being but the Grandchild of *Nebuchadnezzar* his Daughters Son) might be too young to hear of the Memorable paſſages of *Daniel*'s Wiſdom and Service in the Life of his Grandfather, and perhaps bred elſewhere at a diſtance from the Court : Or, whether times had worn off the Memory and Novelty of theſe Tranſactions : Or what elſe, I know not : But he ſeems a perfect Stranger (now) in the Palace : Till Letters by a *ſtrange* hand (without an Arm) occaſion his Summons to Court again. Where (it ſeems) *Bellſhazzar* and his Lords were acting the Religion of the *Quakers*, but underſtand not their own Inſtitution (it puzled the whole Council of the *Wiſe Men* to underſtand it too) till the Q. Mother thinks that One *Daniel* might, whom ſhe therefore recommends to the King : *There is a Man in thy Kingdom, of an excellent Spirit and Knowledge*, &c. *Let* Daniel *be call'd*, Chap. 5. 12. Who is therefore ſent for, and highly careſs'd with proffers of Dignity and Honour ; which he (brave Man) as nobly ſlights (and knows that Princes in a Fright uſe not to bid low for their eaſe :) *Let thy gifts be to thy ſelf, and give thy rewards to another, yet I will read the Writing*, v. 17. And generouſly gives his Majeſty a caſt of his Office, to ſettle again his trembling Heart.

But ſent for in a fright. And promoted by him.

But Oh ! in the Myſtical *Characters* was lapped up the Tragical Propheſie of his doom. It ſeems he wanted ſome *Grains* of that *Weight* and worth, which

which should have rendred him Currant in the *Ballance*. Too *vain* and *light* a Prince to support the Massiness of Empire. For as *Esau* ravenously eat up his Birth-right, so he as prophanely drinks away his Kingdom; and no Cups please him to tipple in but the poor Captive Ones of the *Sanctuary* (upbraiding Heaven, that could not redeem them from his gods;) He so little remembred his Grandfathers grazing in the *Fields* as a *Beast*, that himself was become a greater Brute in his Palace; and forgets that the very Breath of his Nostrils is a Tenant at will to his Maker. No wonder then that Heaven rings his passing Bell. And though he calls for a Priest, yet he cannot revoke the immutable Decree, which seals him up to destruction. However e'er he go, has this Policy left, that he hopes to bribe Heaven to a Reprieve, by exalting so God-like a Man as *Daniel* (a Friend of the gods) to Honour, and Proclaims him *The Third Ruler in the Kingdom*, Chap. 5. 29.

But alas! this Glory was very short-liv'd, for the Fountain of it lyes (that very Night) bleeding in the Dust. The Propheſie was fulfill'd, and the King call'd for to Judgment, *v.* 30. *Belshazzer slain.*

However, upon the Change, our Prophet is no loser, for the Kingdom being translated to *Darius* the *Mede*, (to whose Ears the Report and Fame of the great *Daniel*'s Parts and Excellency quickly arrives, and himself being Old) for the Ease of his Government, *Darius* succeeds, who makes him.

1. He Constitutes under him an Hundred and twenty Deputies, *Chap.* 6. 1.

2. Over

2. Over all these, Three *Presidents*, to whom they were to make their Accounts.

Lord chief President.

3. And of these three was our *Daniel* chief in Commission: The very first Minister of State. Thus you have him in the Zenith of his Honours, L*ord high President over all the Kings Councils and Treasures, next and immediately under himself Supreme Governour*, together with the Reason which justifies the Kings great Prudence and Policy in promoting him to so high Degree, (*viz.*) *Because an Excellent Spirit was found in him.*——— He was every way qualified for his Station.

And wherefore.

The Princes Envy.

But this Mighty Preferment soon contracts an universal Envy upon him from those whose Dim Eyes could not see, or whose Cankered Spirits would not weigh his Merits in a Righteous Scale. *The Hill of Honour is dangerously trod, though by never so fair and meritorious Feet.* Envious Men hate to acknowledge a worth beyond their own, and look with a squint Eye on all above themselves. The Promotion that falls not on their own Heads, grieves their Hearts, and is plotted against.

Indeed *Daniel* was an *Alien* and a *Captive*; and for such a One to top them in their own Countrey, was (they thought) insufferable: For this Stranger to Monopolize their Princes affections, and bear away the greatest share of his Heart and Preferments, (while themselves must truckle under him, dance his attendance, and strike Top-sail to him;) This they could with no patience endure. Therefore the *Presidents and Princes sought to find occasion against* Daniel.

Yet

Yet Safely may the Heavenly Aſpirer fix his ſteps while he has no Competitor to contend with him; and few are Emulous of the Cæleſtial Crown. The Four and twenty Elders may paſs an Eternity, e're any below diſturb their Honours, while weak Eyes wax ſore at the ſight but of a Coronet, though the King himſelf has ſtuck it on. Note.

They ſought to find occaſion, &c. And methinks I fancy them ſitting in cloſe Conſult againſt him, and ranſacking every Inch of his Life and Manners. Not an *under-Officer*, but is brought in and ſtrictly examin'd upon Oath, if poſſibly the leaſt defect might be found in his Managements or Accounts: And perhaps the very *Attendants* of his Family Brib'd or Menac'd into an unreſerved confeſſion and diſcloſure of the daily Cuſtoms of his Houſe, nay and thoſe of his very *Oratory* and *Bed-chamber*. Nor muſt the freedom of his *Table* be allowed him unpurged, if probably even There but a Syllable might eſcape him, which may be Artificially interpreted into *Treaſon*, or wrench'd (but) into the *miſpriſion* of it; Or but any thing which might bear the leaſt ſhadow or Reflexion of diſhonour or damage to the great Perſon, Dignity or Intereſt of his Royal Maſter. And Conſult againſt him.

But when now after all this, Nothing is ſqueezed out that can (though but) colourably charge him; How do they fret and vex, and are ready to Indict even his Care and his Caution? And are vext that they want Eyes to penetrate into the very Receſſes of his Soul. For it may be, There, might Sculk ſome Trayterous and Diſloy-

Diſloyal Thought, which gladly would they tear out from his Heart, and produce in Evidence againſt him. But if, even That be White and Innocent too, they again wax Mad, and Curſe his very Loyalty and Truth, and could wiſh that his Snowy Innocence would take a Crimſon Dye, and be (though but Superficially) Criminal. *They ſought occaſion but could find none, foraſmuch as he was faithful—— Neither was there any Errour or Fault found in him*, Chap. 6. 4.

But find nothing to charge him with.

Prying Inquiſition is the Jackall *to* Malice, *which fetches in the Stores it feeds on; And if it chance to light on a full Prey, how greatly does it gratifie the Beaſt it's Maſter; but if it make but a lean Hunt, what a Deal of groaning and grumbling Diſcontent is there? What a plague is it to envy Innocence, and to make anothers Health Ones own Diſeaſe?* Is thine Eye Evil becauſe mine is Good?

Note. And 'tis madneſs to forget, into how many Snares and fatal Dangers the looſe and unguarded Life betrayes Men in the World, when the greateſt Circumſpection and moſt accurate Vigilance, ſhall not ſecure the Wary and Provident *Daniel* from the Gripes of his malicious and conſpiring Enemies.

☞ Yet for ever be it Remarqu'd, to the Honour of theſe eager *Conſpirators*, That the height of this Feavouriſh Rage did not diſtemper them into the *Diſtraction* of *perjurious Revenges*, nor the Deteſtable Contrivances of *Subornation* againſt him they hate. They will not Damn *Souls* to deſtroy *Bodies*. Their very *Heathen* Conſciences boggled at that Helliſh

Helliſh practice.—— 'Tis enough for *Rome* and Hell to boaſt ſuch impious Cuſtoms, and produce ſuch frightful Monſters, where they are diſpens'd with and encourag'd with due rewards, (unleſs perhaps they have of late Landed among us, in hopes to ſerve a Great Turn, but in Vain,) and O God may theſe Vermine return again to their own home, and no longer infeſt our Air with their infectious Breath.

They alter Counſels,

And now very deſpair make theſe *Plotters* Witty, they alter the Meaſures of their Counſels. And ſince nothing can be diſcovered Defective in his Allegiance to his *Prince*, they will weave a Net that ſhall enſnare him in the exactneſs of his Obedience to his *God*. His very *Devotions* ſhall be twiſted into a Cord that ſhall ſtrangle him. And if he dare *pay ſervice to his Maker*, even That ſhall be *High Treaſon againſt his King*. And (to ſave them the Labour) he ſhall *Pray* himſelf into the Grave. For, *ſaid theſe men, we ſhall find no occaſion againſt this* Daniel, *except we find it againſt him concerning the Law of his God*, verſe 5.

And Plot againſt Religion.

But I would wiſh no greater Judgment upon Plotters than to find them bending their Wits againſt Heaven, which is ever engaged to deſtroy Them, for its own Security and Honour. Nor can an Arrow be ſhot againſt Piety without hitting God himſelf directly in the Face. Since all that is in the World is but his Reflexion upon the Soul, and He is as much in one Beam *or* Ray *of his Holineſs that ſhines in the Creature below, is in the whole Sun of it that makes Glory above. The* Malice *that wounds a Saint, would deſtroy the Deity if it could.*

Which, they are ſure will take.

How do I ſee them Chuckle, and bleſs their Wits in this New Contrivance. A Plot ſo exquiſitely woven, that there is no room for ſo much as the leaſt fear or Jealouſie of its Miſcarriage and failure. They queſtion not the ſucceſs in the leaſt. He muſt turn Atheiſt to prevent the danger; and forſake his God, or his Life.

Projecting Heads may plod together, and jumble out a Decree of Death. Tet to as little Reputation *or Iſſue as a Club of Phyſicians that Vote that Diſeaſe to be* Mortal, *which Heaven cures by a Figg. Take Counſel together, and it ſhall come to nought. Speak the word and it ſhall not ſtand, for God is with us, Iſa.* 8.10.

They bar Prayer by Decree.

The *Decree* is univerſally agreed on by the *Peers*. And the *Monrach* addreſs'd for his *Royal Aſſent*. They Enact him a *God* (by Law) upon Earth, and make it Death to acknowledge another in Heaven. They put a Trouble upon him, to receive all the Addreſſes of Men, and Create Thirty Holy-dayes for all his fellow-*Deities* to reſt in; *Whoſoever ſhall ask a Petition of any God or* Man *for Thirty Dayes, ſave of thee, O King,* &c. *verſ.* 7.

Let him dye, for me, that withholds the juſt Tributes of Honour due unto Cæſar, (*as the Viſible* Idea *of the Inviſible God, and his Great Lieutenant upon Earth:*) *But whoever ſhall idly preſume to inveſt an Earthly Majeſty with Worſhip proper only to the King of Heaven, is ſo far from being* Cæſar's *Friend, that he betrayes his Lord to* Herod's *Fate, and ſhouts him into his Grave. Thus his Blaſphemous Paraſites have* Deified (*their* Lord *God*) *the Pope into infinite ſcorn and contempt.*

Dominum denm noſtrum Papam. *Extr. Johan.* 22. *Tit.*14.*c.*4.

Darius

Darius consults not his *Cabal* to unriddle this Flattery in his *Nobles*, much less does he apprehend any treacherous Design in the bottom, but is willing to interpret it pure Loyalty, and a Politick advance of his Glory, and greater security in his Empire, now at his first approaches unto it; and therefore easily inclines to the proffered Honour; and (since they will have it so) is content to justle out his *Maker* from his Throne *for a Month*. Therefore God punish'd his rash and unadvised Folly and Pride, whose hand Signs the *Decree* which afterwards makes his Soul to Ake, and because he did not sleep on't, a-non cannot; and endanger'd the breaking his *Heart*, as well as his *sleep*.

Which *Darius* too hastily Signs.

Undigested Counsels issue from us with as little benefit or comfort to our lives, as crude and unconcocted Meats from our Stomacks, which because too greedily taken in and swallowed, are the more speedily cast up again, leaving us empty and dissatified, if not very sick and diseased. Whereas timely deliberation hatches our Conceptions into life and perfection; and yields us the Honour as well the Interest of our Patience. 'Tis an unpardonable Crime in a *Politician*, to cry afterwards, *Utinam non feciſſem*, Would I had not done it; and he was no Fool who demurr'd, with a *Cras tibi Respondebo*, To morrow I will give you an Answer.

Note.

The Sagacious *Daniel* quickly penetrates through this shallow Design. He easily sees the Warrant for his own Execution written on the back-side of this plausible *Decree*, yet will not prevent it. His Great Soul bids defiance to it, and them that fram'd

Daniel discovers the Plot.

it. He ſcorns to live when he cannot ſerve his God, yet will ſerve him; though he die for it. He will not neglect his Duty for Thirty Days together, no not to ſave his Blood. But reſolves rather to paſs into Immortality to ſerve him there.

Note. *In vain* (ſayes *Solomon*) *is the Net ſpread in the ſight of any Bird,* (for then he will fly from it) but here is One that diſcovers the Snare, yet has courage enough to fly into it. *Nor is it worth living where we cannot enjoy the true ends of* Life, *and when Death it ſelf is but an opening into the joyful* Li*berties of Eternity.*

The *King* having paſs'd the Law——— The *Trepanners* begin to ſneak about the Lord *Preſidents* Lodgings. Malice degenerates them into *Eves-droppers*, they creep up and down under his very Windows. If the *Caſement* chance to flye open, the project thrives, their hopes ſwell, and the Blood capers in their Veins. And he (brave Spirit) opens it on purpoſe, to let them ſee and know that he dreaded not their impious Law, nor would ſlack an Ace of his Daily Zeal and Devotion to his God; and this he did, *When he knew, that the Writing was ſign'd, v.* 10. 'Twas below his Great Perſon and Spirit to deny or diſſemble his Religion. Faith and Love makes him truſty to it, againſt all Conſpiracies of Men or Devils.

Yet ſcorns to diſſemble his Religion.

Some are ſet to watch him.

And what know we, but ſome ſo were impudent as to ſteal up Stairs and peep through the very *Keyhole* to diſcover (but) the firſt Motion towards a *Genuflection.* But when thoſe Sacred joynts incline to bend to the reſolved Worſhip, how greedily do

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do they ſuck in the very firſt *Spiration*, and *preparatory* Sighs? they draw in that *Incenſe* which *Perfumes* the *Chamber*, but (they reſolve) ſhall Poyſon the *Prieſt*; They *hearken* not for *Zeal*, but *Itching*, they lift not up *Hands* but *Ears*, and thô they hear him Confeſs ſo tenderly, as *Heaven* it ſelf is *Melted* with his Pathetick Expreſſions, yet they Congeal and are *Petrified*.

He is acted by Conteſts of

But (brave *Belteſhazzar*!) how little do we know what various Paſſions agitate thy Sacred Breaſt at this time? what conteſts between Nature and Grace, Fleſh and Spirit? Or wer't thou all Soul, and tranſported beyond the Cares and remembrance of thy Mortal and Suffering part, that I hear thee break into ſuch Raptures as theſe?

1 Spirits

What! and muſt I forſake my God now, or not Live? and forſake him too upon ſuch unhappy Terms as theſe, to gratifie the Wiſhes of theſe Malicious Confederating Heathens? Is Devotion become fatal, and muſt Prayer it ſelf Kill? Cannot I go to my God, but the next Step muſt be to the Grave? 'Tis worſe than Death to live but one Day without him who is the Life of my Soul; how then ſhall I live Thirty? Muſt I wear theſe Fetters upon mine Affections and Lips, which theſe Mens Envy and Cunning have clapt on me, with deſign to Enſlave me for ever? Rather let the Beaſts tear open a Paſſage for this Captive *within me to paſs into the Liberties of Everlaſtingneſs, than thus to be Cag'd up in ſo inſufferable a Vaſſalage! Do they think to immure up my Soul? Let them rend me from the Court of* Darius, *my Heaven is not there, as is theirs; My Body is the Kings to his Pleaſure,*

Pleaſure and Service, but my Soul is Gods unto his. I'le venture an Ingorgement into the Bowels of the Lions, e're they ſhall glory over mine Apoſtacy from my Religion and my God.

2 Fleſh. *But hold! whither does this Noble but Temerarious Zeal Tranſport thee,* Daniel? *Is this thy Kindneſs to thy deareſt Self? and haſt thou no Regard to the Glories and Sweets of Life? Is that* Holy Fire, *that Devours its own Altar? and Calleſt thou that Zeal that hurls thee into nothing, and tempts thee to an Annihilation? Is Death ſo deſirable? and ſuch a Death as will gratifie thine Enemies too? Whoſe Malice will Feaſt it ſelf on thy Ruines, with greater Luxury than the Lions Banquet on thy Fleſh? What is this but to Execute the Plot againſt thine own Life, which they cannot perfect without thee? and will thy God thank thee for Deſtroying thy Self, and throwing away thy Life for a Nicety, the Ceremony and Carkaſs of Devotion, which his Grace is ſo ready to diſpenſe with, and for ſo little a time as a Month too? Is he not the Father of Spirits, and regards more the Oratory of a Sigh than all the luſcious Expreſſions of the Lips? Underſtands he not the Language of the Soul, and hearkens to the very deſires of the Humble? Maiſt thou not Offer up the purer Sacrifice from the Secret Altar of a Flaming Heart, and be ſafe? What an advantage haſt thou to baffle the Conſpiracy by a Mental Devotion, and to Countermine the Villanies of their Curſed Policy by locking up thy Soul in its ſelf?*

Spirit prevails. Ah no! The brave *Votary* ſcorns to compound with his God for his Life, nor will ſave himſelf by ſo

so much as Latching the Door of his *Lips*; He will not Stifle the *Vent* of his Soul, thô it self were sure to fly through it: He will glorifie God with his *Speech*, thô he speak himself into Air; He will not Disfigure the *Body* of his Duty, to save his *own* from Mangling; and would rather the Lions should open their Mouths to Swallow him, than he by shutting up his, to Imprison his Zeal and Affections. He resolves that his *Mouth shall Confess unto God* (and the World) *that his Heart believeth unto Salvation*; and (while his Enemies were Watching) Imagine this devout Supplicant thus pouring out his Soul unto God.

The PRAYER.

GOD of my Soul and of my Being, the Glorious Jehovah that Inhabitest inaccessible Light and Everlastingness, and humblest thy Self to behold the things that are in Heaven and Earth—Hear and have Mercy. Thou art God alone, and besides thee there is none else: What is this Darius, *whom these Men have blasphemously Exalted to Rob thee of thy Glory and Worship, and made a God of him that cannot help, that cannot Save himself or others—— O Pardon their Sin. And this they have done with design to Rob me too, of this Glorious Liberty of Access to thee my God, who art the very Life of my Soul, and whose loving Kindness is better than* Life, *and without whom* Life *is none at all. They would Shut me from thy Presence, but do not thou; Open the Door of thy Grace and my Soul, that I may fly unto thee; And thô* [these] *these mine Enemies lye in wait for my Blood; Yet let me Praise thee with joyful Lips, and Serve thee*

thee without Fear. What, though they have Decreed to take away my Life, are not my Times in thy hand? and without thee ſhall not fall an hair from my Head. O give me a Faith beyond my Fear, and a Courage beyond their Malice, that I may Dye rather than diſown thee; and by Devoting my Self a Sacrifice to thy Glory, may let all the World know that thou Lord, art the only God that Saveſt the Souls of thy Servants who put their truſt in thee. Redeem thy Church and People——— But here a Noiſe Interrupts him: The Confederates cry out amain, *Treaſon, Treaſon, A Traitor againſt our King and his Law, away with him to the Lions*, Darius *himſelf cannot Save him.*

They find him Praying. v. 11.

(Theſe, we may ſuppoſe, were the Evidence ready to Swear againſt him, who could ſafely take their Oaths (without fear of Perjury) that they heard him making his Petitions to the God of Heaven, and ſo breaking the Decree.)

The Plot takes. And now has the Plot taken effect, the Innocent man falls by the Councils of the Wicked; *Righteous art thou O Lord, yet let me talk with thee of thy Judgments; Wherefore doth the way of the wicked Proſper? wherefore are they happy that deal very Treacherouſly?* Jer. 12. 1. *So fooliſh was I and Ignorant*——— *Surely thou didſt ſet them in ſlippery places, thou Caſteſt them down into Deſtruction; how are they brought into Deſolation as in a moment, they are utterly Conſumed with Terrours*, Pſal. 73. 18, 19, 22.

They go to Court. Now may you ſee them troop together with Joy and ſpeed to the Court, where they ſubtilly repeat the Contents of the Law to the King, with a Curſed Policy of deſigning to oblige him to a Sacred and Invio-

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Inviolable obſervance of his own Edict, e're ever they diſcover the Tranſgreſſor, who (they knew) was ſo dear to him, that (for his Sake) he might have ſtrain'd his Prerogative unto the length of a Pardon, (if poſſible.) But having once oblig'd him by the honour of his Royal word to confirm the Decree, then they preſume to produce the *Indictment*, and thus Addreſs:

O King Live for Ever.

"THat *Daniel* who pretends ſo much Love and "Loyalty to thy Royal Perſon, ſo much Venera- And Indict him.
"tion and reſpect to all thy Laws, *He*, *He* is the "firſt Rebell. Ungrateful man that he is, whom of "a Captive of the Children of *Judah* thou haſt load- "ed with ſuch Honours, whoſe very weight has unfor- "tunately caus'd him to Stagger in his Loyalty; and "'tis viſible (*Dread Sir*) that the Sublimity of his "State has giddied him into Fanaticiſm too; he "Trants after other Gods, as if thou O King wert "not God enough for him, who haſt been ſo kind "and Royal to him. Never has the Largeſſe of "Princely Bounty ſo unluckily miſcarried by Ingra- "titude and Treachery, which dares be ſo Inſolent "to give ſo pernicious an Example of *firſt* Violating "that *Law*, which he ſhould have valued infinite- "ly dearer than his Life, and rather than have pro- "ſtituted it to vulgar Contempt, ſhould have Sacri- "fic'd the warmeſt Blood of his Heart to its Glory.

"WE Pray therefore that he may (*Suffer the* "*Pains and Penalties of the Irrevocable* Decree *He*

has

" *has ſo Prophanely Deſpiſed, may receive the juſt Re-*
" *compenſe of his haughty Rebellion and Pride*)——
" **Be thrown to the Lions.**

The King repents Signing the Decree.

Now is the King almoſt Dead with Sorrow, the fatal News more wounds his *Royal* Heart than the *Priſoners*; he hath not a better Subject in the Kingdom, who muſt now be rent from his Boſom by a Stratagem; the malicious Imputations of *Diſloyalty* and *Rebellion* (he well knew) were but the Proofs of his *Innocency* and their *Malice*; This is ſo far from being a Service to his *Majeſty*, as 'tis his *Torment*. Have they Decreed him a *God* to this end, to make him a miſerable *Prince?* The King himſelf Suffers in the Plot, and is Perſecuted in the *Captive*; baſely Betrayed to Sign the *Decree*, which Seals his own Vexation and Trouble: 'Tis *they*, and not *Daniel*, were guilty of the Treaſon againſt his Royal Tranquility and Peace.

Ill-condition'd Men! Is this your Loyalty to your King? muſt the Object of your Princes *Favour* become preſently the Subject of your *Hate?* muſt he not live, becauſe the King Loves and has Honour'd him? Then is *Royal Affection* become miſerably Ominous, its Embraces are avoided as a *Diſeaſe*, the Eye of its Favour become Mortal as a *Baſiliſk*'s.

Unhappy *Daniel!* to be ſo Lov'd and ſo Hated! ſo paſſionately Lov'd by the *King*, ſo univerſally Malign'd by his *Nobles*. Here's not one of all the *Peers* has a pity for thee, they jointly Addreſs for thy ſpeedy Execution; *(Nemine Contradicente.*) The King ſingly demurrs, and while he does ſo, they impatiently

The Princes Addreſs for Execution. But the King Demurrs.

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ently Addreſs a ſecond time, (and had not ſo proſperouſly ſucceeded hitherto, now to ſuffer their Plot to Periſh in Embryo.) Malice makes them forget good Manners, they incroach on Majeſty, grow Rude and Uncourtly: *Know, O King, that the Law of the Medes and Perſians is, that no Decree nor Statute which the King Eſtabliſheth may be changed*, v. 15. *q. d.* "We have thee now at a Bay, this Rebel may not "be Pardoned, the Laws of thy Kingdom will not "bear it, thô thou wouldeſt; therefore in vain doſt "thou labour to deliver him, for Dye he muſt and "ſhall.

Fetter'd Majeſty! that canſt not deliver thy *Darling from the Lions!* that canſt not Pardon him nor thy Self for Betraying him to his Enemies! Now reap (*Darius*) the diſquiet Fruits of thine own unadviſedneſs and haſte! 'tis Death to thee to Suffer him to die, yet he muſt; here dies a Priſoner without whom the King himſelf lives not, yet muſt dye.

God is bound up by his *Decrees*, and ſo is this *Monarch*; He could (almoſt) himſelf have Suffered to ſave his *Favourite* alive, yet muſt now Sacrifice him to the honour of his Laws: *How Sacred are thoſe Obligations that manacle the hands of Soveraignty?* theſe call for the Offenders blood, and ſhall have it. Even Laws are *Canibals* too: *Then the King Commanded, and they brought Daniel*, &c. *v.* 16. At length delivers him up.

But how do I ſee the great *Darius* hugging him in his Arms; whilſt he beholding him (as he fears) with his laſt eyes, breaths out his very Heart to him in ſuch dear Expreſſions as theſe?

And takes his last leave as he fears.

"*Daniel*, my deareſt *Daniel*, the brighteſt Star "that ever Illuſtrated a Princes Court! the "faithfulleſt Servant that ever bleſs'd a Maſter! the "very Glory and Flower of my Kingdom and Pa-"lace, who art paſſing up into thoſe more glorious "Manſions, where only dwell ſuch Spirits as thine. "Thou wilt no more envy the Toys of Regality, "nor need the aiery Honours of an earthly Palace; "I am diſtreſſed for thee my deareſt *Daniel*; How "willingly could I uncloath my ſelf from theſe vain "Badges of Majeſty to *paſs into Spirit* with thee? "were it not that I ſtay behind to Sacrifice Heca-"tombs of thine Enemies to thy Ghoſt, who ſhall "dearly pay the recompenſes of their Envy and my "loſs——— But ſtay, may not thy God meet thee "in the Den, as (I have heard) *Shadrak*'s did him "in the Furnace; and methinks I have Faith to be-"lieve he will; and leaſt thine Enemies ſhould think "ſo too, and ſend in Ruffians more cruel than the "Beaſts to deſtroy thee, My care ſhall obviate that "danger, while I Seal thee up under the Protecti-"on of Heaven and thy God.

He paſſes to the Den.

How ſtately paſſes the *Captive* to the Den, rich-ly Laden with the *Trophies* of his Princes affecti-ons, and the Graces of his God! He leaves nothing behind him, that he ſhould take to Heaven with him, but the Thoughts of *Revenge*; (which he there-fore leaves, becauſe there is no room for them there.) Nay he could have even wiſh'd their Company with him, whoſe cauſeleſs Malice had too ſubtilly contriv'd his

his (designed) dispatch from the World :

The Innocent *Victim* is now (as *Isaac*) upon the *Altar*, but wants a *Priest* to Sacrifice him. Is astonish'd at the Miracle of his own *D*eliverance, and wonders to find better Friends in the *Den*, than at Court. *A Spirit of Glory* rests upon him, which put the very Lyons in a fright. They had no stomach to him, who had no stomach against him ; and though his *Enemies could have eaten him up*, they were more merciful and would not. He had a Surplice of Innocence upon him which was Lyon-proof. It made him look Sacred, and struck such a Reverence and Aw, that they rather *fawn* and *crouch*, then *grin* or *wax surley*. He stands armed with the Shield of that *Faith* which wrought Miracles, (even) this of *Stopping the Mouths of* Lyons : Who were so Civil as not to fall out with him, against whom God and the King had no Quarrel. The Lions hurt him nor.

Daniel has done what he could, and God himself expects no more. He has yielded his Life (in Testimony of his Faith) and now he will give it him back. Because he was ready to lose it, therefore shall he surely keep it. *Let Heaven dispose of us as it please, 'tis enough for us to resign our selves and be willing.* He has done his Duty.

While *Daniel* is in Danger, there's no Feasting at Court, the King himself *Fasts* for him, that the Beasts may not *Feast* upon him. *Surfeits and Mirth speak little Sympathy with the Churches Sorrowes.* 'Twas unnaturally done once of the *Patriarch*'s to sit them down to Eat and to Drink, while their poor *Brother* was Fasting in the *Pit*, *Gen.* 37. 24, 25. A No Feasting at Court.

piece

piece of Cruelty acted over again by their obdurate and ungracious Posterity: *Who fed on the Lambs of the Flock and the fat Calves of the Stall, and Drank their Wine in Bowles, but were not grieved for the Affliction of Joseph*, Amos 6. 5, 6.

Nor Musick. Nor could *Musick* be in season, when the King himself was *out of tune*. The Air of a Viol could not drive out of his mind the sad screeches of his Friend, while the Beasts (as he fear'd) were champing him in their Teeth. Yet was there a brave *Consort* in the Den: For the *Snorings* of the sleeping Lyons kept so Even an Accent, that *Daniel* was ready to dance for Joy.

The King cannot sleep. Yet could not the King close his Eyes, while he is jealous his Favourite has none to close. He had slept so soundly hitherto, while this careful *Superintendent* had a Vigilant Eye over all his Affairs, that he might well awake (one Night) to condole his loss, and learn himself to watch, when now his *Watchman* (for ought he knew) might be fallen asleep in Death.

Yet is *Daniel* awake too, and while the Lyons *Couch*, he gently lies by in peace, and is here become the *Guard* of his (intended) Executioners. God had shut their *Eyes* as well as their *Mouths*, and while theirs were closed down in *Rest*, his were lifted up in *Faith* and *Prayer*, that They might sleep on securely, who might have chanced else to have made a Meal upon him at Midnight.

And Rises early. No sooner had the Night began to draw it's Curtains, but *Darius* draws his. Neither Bed nor Palace can hold him while *Daniel* was missing.

The

The first Light leads him to pay his visit to him either Dead or *Alive*; He is resolved to have an end of his *Fears* or his *Hopes*; (*Delays in great Expectations are Killing, 'tis perfect Hell that puts off for ever.*) He hastens his Body thither to meet his Heart, which he had left lock'd up with *Daniel* in the Den all the night. *Then the King arose very early in the Morning, and went in haste to the* Den, &c.

How nimbly do I see his Royal Feet pace the Streets, while yet his affections Lacquey before him, and are impatient after the first Tidings? See, *how love fascinates Majesty into a forgetfulness of its Grandeur.* He values not the Complements of State, so he find *Daniel* alive 'tis *Great* enough. And hasts to the Den.

Why may not *Darius* measure Faith with *Abraham, who against hope believed in hope too?* And *being not weak in faith, considered not* the natural fierceness of these voracious Beasts, nor the biting rage of their hungry Bellies, nor the Luscious sweetness of *Daniel*'s Blood; but against all these, expected life to start out from the very Womb of Death? For, *When he came to the* Den, *he cryed with a Lamentable voyce unto* Daniel, &c. *v.* 20. And cries lamentably to *Daniel.*

Object. But does not his kindness run him into folly here, and *Daniel* into hazard; since by so loud an Exclamation at his coming to the Den, he might chance to rouze up the sleepy Lyons to an early execution, which all the Night long they had fasted from, with purpose to reserve him for a Break-fast in the Morning, and now comes the King and *halloo*'s them to it?

Answ. Brutes (like some Men as bad) consult not the

the *Morrow*, but love to make ſure of the preſent Prey. *Senſe* knows no Life of *Faith*, and ſeldom truſts *out of hand*; grapples at every thing coming in its way, and ſo its Panch be preſently ſtuff'd, has confidence enough to truſt till hereafter.——— The King knew that if he were yet alive, 'twas Providence, not Project, that kept him ſo.

An aſſurance of his Love.

He cried with a lamentable Voyce unto Daniel, &c. What ſurer Indication couldſt thou have given thy *Daniel* of the fixed unalterableneſs of thy Princely Affections to him, even beyond the Grave? While thus thou ſendeſt thy very Soul to him (wrapt up in a Sigh) that pierces through the very Stone which yet ſeperates thee from him, and ſafely arrives into his joyful Ears? For now aſſuredly he was not dead at Court, who was ſtill alive in the Priſon. To me (*Darius*) art Thou a fair Precedent of entire and abſolute Freindſhip, and the Illuſtrious Copy of him, who will *never leave, nor forſake*. And I thank thee (O King) for minding me of my Saviour, who (methinks) with the ſame Accent, is ever crying unto me in the midſt of my dangers, *Is Joſeph yet alive?*

Note.

How good is God, to thoſe that truſt him! *Daniel* has the Heart of his Prince as ſure as God hath his own. *Wolſeys* heavy Groan upbraided his *Maſters* Inconſtancy to him in his Age, but was (confeſſedly) grounded on his own to God. There is all Gain in Godlineſs, (that univerſal Trader,) which hath a Patent from Heaven, to Traffick for it ſelf in the very Boſom of Kings, which Themſelves cannot prevent though they would.

For

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For what an Honour was this to the Impriſon'd *Daniel*, to have *Majeſty* waiting on him at the *Door?* The King had ſent no leſs Perſon than *Himſelf*, to enquire of his Welfare, and to return the *Lions* his thanks for their Civility that night to his *Friend*. And now may you hear him thus Paſſionately Crying

O Daniel! Servant of the Living God, is thy God able to deliver thee, &c? *Daniel* had entred the Den inthe Faith of Gods Word and the Kings Affidavit, *Thy God will deliver thee*, v. 16. and does he now abate of his Confidence? *Is he able? Great dangers try the Mettle of our Faith, and ſwelling Fears ſink our Courage*: He is more than a *Peter* that can tread the *Waters* and not cry out; there is a *Fear* hangs on our very *Faith*. The King might averr that God would (for he had heard that he had, in as great dangers) yet might he *doubt*, leſt he *now* had not: *Hiſtorical Faith* made him Promiſe, but Paſſionate Love made him fear and be jealous.

The King finds *Daniel* alive.

But *Daniel* is yet alive, and Bleſſes God and the King: He imployes his Breath to the ends it was given him; *O King Live for ever!* Thy Servant (*yet Alive*) darts up that Sacred Option from his very Soul for thee: *'Tis Stinking Breath that Curſes any, but Infectious 'tis that Curſes the King.* Thô the *Tongue* be a *Fire*, 'tis Inſolence in it to make havock of the *Palace*.

From *Prayer* the *Prophet* proceeds to *Preaching*, and (the Chappel not yet open) *Darius* is content to be his Auditor in the Porch: He divides his Sermon into two parts, and treats, Firſt, *Of Gods goodneſs to him*

in ſhutting the Lyons Mouths, (or elſe his own had not been open this Morning :) Secondly, His own *Innocency*, where he juſtifies his moſt entire Duty and Veneration both to God and the King; (and he handles theſe both together, becauſe they are inſeparable.) The *Life* of the *Preacher* was the viſible proof of the whole Sermon. The King never heard one that better pleas'd him, and the very *Lions* themſelves ſeem to underſtand it, while they ſtand *Mute* and *Demure*, and are more Mannerly than to diſturb him ; nay, they are his very *Converts*, and the *proof of his Miniſtry*, who from his firſt coming among them, by the Reverence of his Perſon (his very Silence) had transformed them from their natural *Ferity*, into a wonderful *Humanity !* How much more his Eloquence !

Who pleads his Innocency and Loyalty.

And therefore is fearleſs.

And *Experience* now makes him confident of their Love and his own Safety. *Deliverances* (like ſome Friends) *are Security each for the other, and the more the ſtronger ſtill*, eſpecially where *Faith* ſtands *Principal*, and a good *Life* as *Witneſs*. *David* Slings the *Bear and the Lyon* with the Stone that Stunn'd the *Philiſtine* ; and the *Iſraelites* on the Shore, ſtood as Sureties to the reſt in the midſt of the *Channel*. The ſame *Faith* that hung the Padlock on the Mouths of theſe Lions over night, was ſtrong enough to keep it on till ſuch time as it Self pleas'd to unlock it next day, to make room for the Conſpirators.

The Den is open'd, and *Daniel* delivered.

The *Sermon* (now finiſh'd) has the Effects of *Thunder*, the *Seals* are rent away, and the *Stony Door* of the Chappel flies open, the *Preacher* is hurl'd (he hardly knows how) into the Royal Preſence, where

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where he finds the King *Heaven-ſtrucken* too; an Extaſie of Joy had Raviſh'd away his Senſes, and he talks (like a *Fanatick indeed*) Diſtractedly; *Ah Daniel, art thou indeed my very Daniel? May mine Heart believe what mine Eyes ſee?* Then ſtands like a *Statue*: (his rolling eye the only Index of his Life:) Is aſtoniſh'd and admires what he cannot expreſs; at length recovering himſelf into *Majeſty* again, he thunders out his dreadful Mandates, and orders the Execution of his own and the Lord *Preſidents* Enemies. And his Enemies caſt in.

This is a Day of Memorable *Deliverance*, and the King dubs it into a *Feſtival*; the Commons are doubled at Court, but the *firſt Courſe* ſhall be ſerv'd up to the *Lyons*: Good reaſon they who ſo Superſtitiouſly Faſted all the night, ſhould now Feaſt the next day: Therefore the King orders them Meſſes of all ſorts and Sexes, *Young and Old*. They ſtay not laying the Cloth, (and *Daniel* had given thanks before,) but they haſtily fall too; nay, they meet the Waiters in the *Entry*, and catch away their Meat e're it come to the Table, and make no Bones of theſe *Trepanners*; (the Crackling of whoſe Joynts make Muſick, while they are Scranch'd by the Teeth of the Beaſts,) and all together they Tip off the *King*'s Health and *Daniel*'s in the very Heart Blood of their Enemies, they leave not a drop behind; and ſhould any chance to drivel down their Beards, they lick them clean again, make a clear Riddance and quick diſpatch. But if his *Majeſty* has any more ſuch *Preſents* to make them, they have reſerved a Corner of their Stomachs, and would be glad of another Draught next day.

'Twas but natural that the *Fleſh* of theſe *Monſters*

ſhould be Incorporate into the Bodies of theſe bloody Beaſts, whoſe very *Souls* were degenerated into their *Nature* before; neither needed there the Ceremony of Proceſs and Tryal, where God himſelf had Sate as Judge, and Condemned them by a Miracle.

So let all thine Enemies [and thy Peoples] *Periſh, O Lord!*

'Tis the firſt Leſſon of *Court-Policy*, to ſecure it ſelf. Where a *Conſpiracy* had the Impudence to dare at the *firſt Miniſter of State*, 'twas time for *Majeſty* to Conſult its own Safety; thoſe who would adventure to its *Boſom*, will next tear out its very *Heart* if they can.

A Decree of Honour to God.

Darius is Decreeing again, but not againſt Heaven: He is Sick of his *Godſhip*, the Robe of Divine Honour ſate too uneaſie upon him: Beſides, its ſparkling Brightneſs ſtruck him Blind, that he could not ſee through the Treacheries of Deſigning Men; He reſolves therefore to reſign it up to him that had a better Title to it than he. (*'Twas Happineſs enough for himſelf to enjoy his Daniel below.*) And now all Nations, People and Languages have free Liberty of Conſcience to own the God of Heaven: They ſhould not need fear to Pray to that God that had been ſo kind to him to ſpare his *Daniels* Life: Yea, (upon their Allegiance) he Commands them to fear before him; *He is a God working Wonders*, they might chance need his Deliverance too. Thus *Daniel* ſtands a Figure of *Chriſt*, whoſe Impriſonment and Redemption (as Jeſus his Death and Reſurrection) is the means of Salvation to the World.

APPLI-

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APPLICATION.

NOW folding up *Daniel's* Robe, let us not be asham'd to present him to you in his naked *Vest*, and give you a short Revise, (as it were in little) both in the Character of his Piety ; The Cause of his Sufferings ; The Quality of his Enemies ; And the End of all.

1. He was *Heavens* visible Representative upon Earth ; a Beam of the *Divine Nature* ; the Church in *Epitome* ; a mighty Man of Prayer ; One who would give Heaven no rest, and therefore the better belov'd ; One that kept up the Reputation of Piety, and its sinking Interest in the World ; One who was *Valiant for God and Truth upon Earth* ; that valued his Soul and Salvation above all the concerns of Life ; who spent much time in his Closet, conferring with God and his Heart, notwithstanding the Noise and Avocations of a perplexing World ; One whose Eye was directly fix'd upon God, but an utter Enemy to all the Selfish, Hypocritical, Squint-ey'd Designs of Men ; One in whose Thoughts God was alwayes uppermost, and Scorn'd to let his Maker stand by, while he *Embrac'd* an *Idol* : When but a Youth, he was even so Wonderfully Temperate, that he fasted himself into Beauty, and would rather have eaten nothing than have Swallowed down Sin. When rais'd to Degrees of Preferment and Honour, the Air of a Title did but blow him nearer to Heaven, and was as humble as *Jonah* when he Rode *Leviathan* towards *Nineve*. The Cringes of his Flatterers made him Bow

Bow the more humbly to God: and no wonder, while he Harbours ſo lowly Apprehenſions of *Honours* vanity and Nothingneſs. Is ſo far from *Impaling* himſelf within the Grandeurs of State, that he is *Proud* only of a Free Condeſcention, and Opens himſelf to univerſal Service: But when his Prince Commands him to Court, he is (there) the whole Cabal himſelf; and that mighty Empire ſtands ſteddy on the ſafe *Baſis* of his Councils, which made the Kingdom have an Ague all the time he was in the Den; and while he Improves his profound Parts for the *King*, has yet Policy enough to be wiſe for his *Soul*. In ſhort, an excellent Pattern and glorious Exemplar of all Piety and Policy to thoſe great Ones of his Station.

2. Admire not then that he is ſent to the Priſon, and you find him among the Lions; is maliciouſly Conſpir'd againſt, as the Burden and Plague of the Generation he Liv'd in. He that will be ſo Impudent as to Court Heaven more *heartily* than others, (when Righteouſneſs and Goodneſs is out of Faſhion) ſhall not need Complain of too much *Eaſe* in the World. And this Great Man was reſolv'd to be Devout, on purpoſe to dare their Malice, thô ſure to be thruſt out of (not *Commiſſion* only, but) *Life*: Let them *Plot* their Hearts out, (as they did) his Reſolutions were *Set* for Heaven: He kept God in his Eye, whoſe Faith ſcattered his Carnal Fears as the Clouds flye before the Sun, or his Enemies before the Lions; He knew all the Motions of the Inferiour World, to be guided by that Great Agent, whoſe very Faithful *Servant* he was. Beſides, the King was his Friend, whoſe Favour and Protection he

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he worthily Merited, does therefore heartily truſt to both, and is no Loſer by his *Confidence*.

3. For his Enemies, who were they, but the Curſed Enemies of God? *The Heathen that knew him not, and the Families that Call not on his Name?* Jer. 10. 25. *Men of the World, whoſe Portion was in this Life,* and were *without God*, and *without Hope* for the next? Men that had no Proſpect beyond the Grave, and who Hated the poor Remains of Piety that ſtill ſurvive the Fall, and upbraided all their Actions. Who becauſe themſelves never Kneel'd, (but to an Idol) Fret that another ſhould to the True God they knew not. No wonder then, their *Conſults* took no faſter *Hold* together, than the Extenterated Bowels of the *Spider* ſo weakly pinn'd to the Wall: God Swept them away with the eaſie Hand of his Providence, but afterwards twiſted them into a Cable that hales them into the Bowels of the Beaſts, where I am very willing to leave them. *(*Unleſs perhaps Nature having caſt them out at the back Door, they are *become as Dung to the Earth.)*

O *Daughter of* Babylon, *who art to be deſtroyed; happy ſhall he be that rewardeth thee, as thou haſt ſerved us.* Pſal. 137. 8.

FINIS.